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THE
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AND OTHER TALES.



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THE

CHILDREN OF ALTON TOWERS.

~~~~~  
"WHEN SORROW IS ASLEEP, WAKE IT NOT."  
~~~~~

FAR into Wales, beautiful Wales! with her mountains, her rocks, and her waterfalls,—I must lead you to the fair town of Caerwys, on the sweet May eve of the Eisteddvod, or meeting of the Welsh Bards and Minstrels.

It was a cheerful sight: the old streets were crowded with the merry peasants, in their holiday costume, and bright glances from beneath their clean mob caps, fell upon the inmates of the grand carriages, with their gay trappings, bringing, perhaps, fairer forms, but not lighter hearts, to the ancient festival.

We will pass through these crowded streets,

and across the old church-yard, where the sounds of the tower bells re-echoed, and



amidst the little primrose-covered graves, that marked the rest of children, and the love of Welsh mothers, on and on, till we reach the lovely Dingle of Maesmynan Wort, famous for its sweet wild flowers ; and there, by the water brook, old and weary, sat a blind harper, whose bare feet were cut with long traveling, and whose old black coat was powdered with the white dust of the sunny roads.

Besides him, striving to brighten up the strings of his harp, by sweeping the long fern leaves across them, was a fair-haired child, whose voice soon broke the silence. "Grand-

father," she said, "our journey is nearly over ; I can hear the church bells of Caerwys, and the merry laughter of rich children, who are passing up the high-road, and talking of the pleasant sight they will see to-morrow ; but they know not of your harp, or they would forget sights, and remember only sweet sounds."

Tears came into the old man's eyes,—“ If you were my judge, dear Janet, I should not fail on to-morrow's trial ; but I am old and feeble, my hands often tremble, and I much fear they will play me false.”

“ Oh, no,” said Janet ; “ we have not come this long way in vain ; we shall be proud and happy yet ;” and she stroked his face tenderly with her slender fingers.

The old man sighed, for the little fingers were very thin, and the voice that had so often cheered him on his lonely way, was softer and less joyous than its wont.

Janet was dearer to her godfather than any thing else in the world. Once he had a happy home, and dear children around him ; now he had not where to lay his head, and the

fragrant flowers on many graves were watered with his tears. But the sweet voice of the young child brought comfort to his heart ; and when he was turned from his dear cottage, in Llanelltyd, and began his toilsome journey, the little hand that so tenderly pressed his, seemed still to bid him hope.

Janet heard her grandfather sigh, and it grieved her so, she placed his harp before him, and when he swept his fingers across its many strings, calm and happy thoughts of other days came to him on the wings of the old melodies, and he played and played on till the little stars peeped out, one by one, and the child had sunk beside him in calm and happy slumbers.

Swiftly and holily glided on the dark hours of night above the sleepers, and Janet woke not till the low chirpings of the little birds, and the golden glory of the rising sun, told of the dawn of another day ; her grandfather slept still, and she would not wake him, he was so very weary ; so she busied herself in washing, in the brook's clear

water, her little linen jacket and cap, and brushing the dust from her full short petticoat, and then, when she had smoothed back her long fair hair, and placed in her little coloured handkerchief, a bunch of fresh-gathered violets, she looked almost like the Janet of other days. She then filled her little mug with fresh water, and dividing her last crust of bread, took it to her grandfather, who smiled when he heard her gay voice; and when they had finished their simple breakfast, she laved his hands in the clear water, and smoothed his grey locks, for she knew many people would see him that day, and Janet was prouder of the old man, with his withered face and bending form, than any one in the whole wide world beside.

The sun was high in the heavens, when they left the shade of the friendly dingle, and pursued their way to the old Town Hall of Caerwys. Oh, how Janet's heart beat, and then sunk within her, as she led her grandfather up that crowded hall.

What a sea of heads met her gaze,—grand

ladies and gentlemen, and little children,—oh, so richly dressed. And the judges, who looked so stern and grave; and the many harpers, who sat above them. Oh, how she heard the sweet sounds that issued from their harps, that day; and the loud applause as each was again silent. Oh, surely, thought Janet, he cannot play like these; and I only know how good he is, and how helpless and poor.

But Janet was wrong, One who knows all things, looked down with kindness on the old blind harper, and when, last of all, the name of Owen Llwyd was called, he smiled gladly, and tuning his harp, poured forth such sounds, that Janet thought an angel's hand must guide him; and while all around sat in breathless admiration, the silent tears of gratitude flowed fast from her soft eyes.

And now it is over;—exhausted, the old man leans back in his chair, and amidst the shouts and clapping of hands of all assembled, he is called forth, and the judge, in clear tones, elects him as the Pencerddtant, or chief harp-

er, and the golden medal is awarded him. All now crowded round the poor unknown harper; children come forward, to speak kindly to the little Welsh girl, and to hear from her of the long journey they came, and of their sad story. But how much joy is in store for them.

Among the many rich people who came far from their homes, to hear the Welsh minstrels, was the Lord of Alton Towers, the fairest spot in happy England, but he thought that within his walls, no music like the old harper's had ever been heard; and when they told him that Owen was poor and friendless, he sent for him, and offered him a home for his declining years, and tender care for his little Janet, if he would follow him to England, and play before the great company who came to visit him.

Old Owen wept tears of joy at this happy change, and blessed God for his goodness, in leading him by the hand of the little child to such happiness.

And we, too, will follow them to the sweet

vale of Churnet, where stretch the broad lands of Alton, with its forest of fir trees, and



fairy-like gardens, to the new home of Owen Llwyd and little Janet. It is a cottage that

children dream of, but seldom see, with pointed windows and carved oaken beams, and shady veranda, half hidden with roses and jasmine, nestled in the tall dark furs, by the hill side, where the little rabbits play about unharmed: with a view down the valley, where are lovely gardens, with clear fountains, and marble statues, and dark rock walks, and above all, the bright towers of Alton.

Was not this a sweet home for the poor wanderers, who but yesterday had not where to lay their heads? for the little child who cried for bread? Oh, yes; and Janet's heart was full of gratitude, as she knelt, that night, beside her grandfather, and blest God for his goodness. And then, when she led him, each day, to the great hall, and sat beside him as he played, and all spoke so kindly and gently to them. Ah, truly then "sorrow slept."

And time passed on, and the roses returned to Janet's cheeks. She had explored all the sweet walks, and arranged their pretty

cottage so neatly, and planted seeds in her little garden ; all went smoothly and happily ; surely she had no care. Oh, I am going to tell a sad truth.

The little heart that had suffered so meekly, that had borne sorrow so well, grew proud and discontented, now that the sun shone ; she soon forgot the days of their sorrow, and when the novelty of their new life passed away, she cared no longer to walk in the pleasant gardens, and to tell her grandfather of all the beauties that were hid from his sight ; she even began to think it dull to sit half the day by his side as he played in the entrance hall ; and the stockings she had begun to knit so diligently for him, when the cold winter came on, were often laid idly in her lap, while she indulged in idle foolish fancies.

A large and gay party, visiting at Alton, had one day stopped to listen to the blind harper ; when they spoke to Janet, and she looked up with a bright blush, she heard one of the ladies say, “ Oh ! what a lovely child,

she looks more fit to grace the halls than to sit in the entrance."

The gay party passed on; they thought no more of Janet, but the light, foolish words rang again and again in her ears; and that afternoon she sat silent and thoughtful. Then the child began to wish that she had been born rich, then she would have no care, and she envied the children who passed through the great doors, as she heard their merry laughs sounding through the galleries. Oh, how sad is the thorn that we plant ourselves.

The old man would sigh, when she did not return the pressure of his kind hand, and neglected to lead him as tenderly as she used; he feared his little Janet was ill, he could not think her ungrateful.

One day, she asked the housekeeper to let her go through all these grand rooms, which she had but yet seen through the half-open doors. The old woman gladly took the little girl, for she loved her, and she did know what was in her heart. When she threw open the great doors, Janet was quite dazzled with all

she beheld : it was a long gallery, with velvet banners and flags above their heads, and bright and costly armour against the walls, and knights on horseback, with golden coronets ; and then beyond this, they entered a conservatory, where the air was loaded with the perfume of sweet flowers. Bright plumed birds in golden cages, hung among the branches, and flowers twined around fair statues, that rested beside fountains, whose bright waters fell like diamond drops. And then they passen through gorgeous saloons, where the footprint was scarce heard on the velvet carpets ; and the tables were studded with jems ; and long glasses reflected a thousand times, the riches around.

Ah, this is surely happiness, thought Janet, I could never sorrow here ; and she sighed, —she felt she no longer loved her cottage home.

“ Why do you sigh ?” asked the old house-keeper, as she looked on her troubled face.

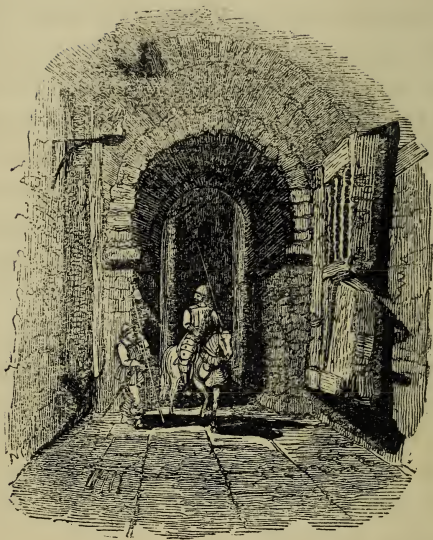
“ Oh,” said Janet, “ how happy must the children be who always live here, they can have no care.”

“And do you envy them, my child? Do you think that the hearts that are covered with satin can never ache? when you have lived as long as I have, you will be happy when you are free from real trouble; you will never ‘wake sorrow’ by foolish discontent.

“Listen to the story of the picture before which we stand, and there you will see a child who, while he had all that you so desire, the poorest beggar would not envy.”

Janet looked at the picture: it represented a knight in armour, his face was stern and sad, and in his hand he held a rod. Beside him, and gazing in his face, with an expression of vacant fear, was a young boy, with a scroll in his hand.

“That,” said the housekeeper, “represents a great lord of Arundel, who lived many many years ago, and his only child. This noble had all that you so covet,—a fine castle and broad lands, a fond wife, and sweet boy, whom he loved as the apple of his eye. You would think he was happy? but nō, he desired more; he would have his child excel all others in



wisdom, as he did in fairness and goodness ; and he made him read and learn all the day long, in grave books, that puzzled even wise men, till his poor eyes were dazzled with the dark pages, and his little heart would pant, as the caged birds, for the sweet fresh air and liberty that the poorest child on his father's lands enjoyed ; and when, with aching head

and trembling limbs, he stood before his stern father, if he missed but one word in his hard task, he chastised him so severely that his shrieks echoed through his castle walls.

“Do you think that poor child was happy? Oh, bless God that he has spared you so sad a fate. Think of him, trembling at the sounds of his father’s steps, and cowering beneath his stern gaze. The mind of that poor child went quite, at last. He, whom the vain father hoped would astonish the world with his wisdom, became a poor idiot, flying from the very sound of his voice. Ah, the life long of this great knight was embittered by this heavy affliction, waking and sleeping, it haunted him, and he caused this picture to be taken of himself with his poor hapless boy, that all who saw it might hear his history, and beware of pride and all vanity.”

Janet’s heart ached as she gazed on the poor idiot, and thought how little his rank and wealth had brought him happiness; and self-upbraiding filled her heart.

“And now,” said the old housekeeper,

“ I will show you one who was a happy and a blessed child.” And she led Janet to a long gallery, whose walls were covered with costly pictures, and tables, and statues from fair Italy ; she stopped before a marble bust, on whose pure white surface the rays of light from the stained glass window behind shed a glory ; the face was as an angel’s, and pure, and holy.

“ This,” said the old woman, “ is the likeness of the fairest and sweetest child that ever breathed ; one who never caused a care or a sorrow to those who loved her ; she was worthy to be rich, for she cared not for those things but to do good to those who needed it ; she lived as a sunbeam among us, and heavy was the sorrow on many hearts when her home knew her no more..”

“ And is she dead ?” asked Janet, for the old woman’s tears flowed as she gazed.

“ Yes, dear child ; she died in sunny Italy ; she married a great prince, but she wept when she left her childhood’s home. But the wealth and the grandeur never changed her

young heart. The poor and sorrow-stricken thought her an angel, for she would daily leave her beautiful palace, to tend them in their poor cottages; and when it pleased the Father to transplant from earth a flower so dear to himself, all hearts wept for one so good and fair; and it is not soon that the sweet Princess Borgase will be forgotten."

Janet listened with a humble heart; the old housekeeper had taught her a lesson she could never forget, and when she left those spacious halls, the cloud of discontent no longer darkened her young face. The halls of Alton were no longer enchanted ground to her, she knew now that sorrow dwells alike in the palace as the cottage, and a contented humble spirit brings its own sweet peace.

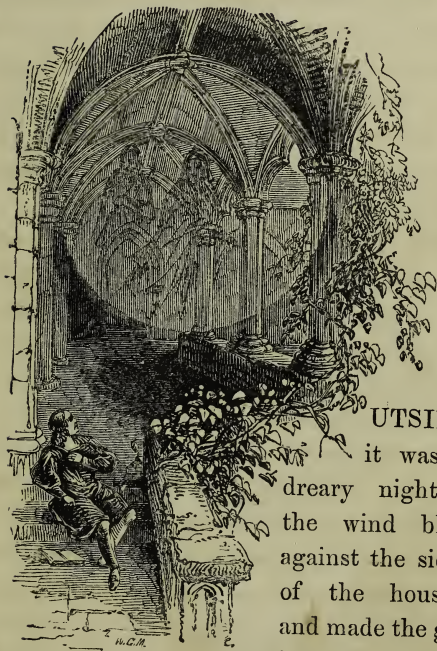
That evening, as the child sat beside her grandfather, at the cottage door, in the calm twilight, she told him all,—how wrong, and how foolish, and ungrateful she had been, and of her true repentance; and how, for the future, she would love and cherish him, and never, never forget to be grateful.

And when the old man blessed her, and called her his own sweet child, and told her how dearly he loved her, and how he looked to her love, to soften his last hours upon earth, she would not have changed her home for all the world could give.

Years have passed on, and little Janet has had her hours of joy and sadness, but that day was never forgotten; and when sad thoughts arise, a voice in her head whispers, "Remember the Children of Alton Towers;" and "when sorrow is asleep, wake it not."



THE
STORY OF A PEARL.



OUTSIDE
it was a dreary night,—the wind blew against the sides of the houses, and made the gas in the street lamps flicker wildly to and fro.—The rain poured down, drowning the light of the stars,

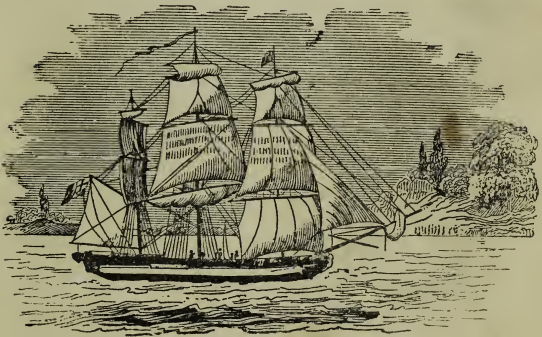
and driving the little London birds to seek shelter among the crevices on the house tops ; and warm nooks many of them found in the tall nursery chimneys of some of the great houses in the squares, where the blue smoke curled round them and cuddled them to sleep, and where the singing of the tea-kettle, and the merry voices of children, rose with a pleasant sound.

But all were not so lucky ; there was one narrow chimney in a dark street, where some little sparrows vainly tried to make themselves comfortable ; it was quite cold, and they heard the rain patter on the hearth beneath, and the wind moan sadly in the hollow ; and more than this, they heard the sobbing of a child ; so they thought it was no place for them, and flew away to try and find a better. But we will not go with them, we will not leave the poor little girl whose pale face rested so sadly on her mother's knee, in the quiet room belonging to the narrow chimney.

We must see cold rooms sometimes, and,

God knows, they are sadly common; but warm are the hearts that too often dwell in them; and so it was now, little Ruth Mayne's heart was warm, and so was her mother's, yet they both sat in the very cold chimney corner, by the empty fire-place, which even the London sparrows found too cheerless for them.

Ruth's mother had that day received a letter from her husband, and a mournful one it was; he had left his dear wife and child some



time before, and had set out for India on board a merchant vessel; for in England he could not get work, and there he hoped to make a

fortune ; but while he had been away, the frosty winter had set in, and his poor wife had been very ill : all thought she must die, but Ruth nursed her ; and when she spoke of the future, and told her little girl that they had now no money left, and that she knew not what would become of them, the child bid her remember that a letter from her father must be on its way, and that he promised to send them enough and more than enough for their relief.



And now this long-looked-for letter had really come, but it brought no joy ; it only contained a few lines, to tell that Ruth's father had been attacked with cholera ; and was

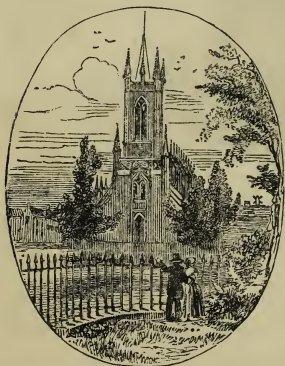
written from a foreign town on the Persian Gulf, where he had been left when his illness came on. His ship had sailed to India without him, and now he was a stranger in a



strange land, with none to love or watch him; and the wife and child read this and wept.

At the end of his letter was a short post-script, saying that he felt better, and would try and find employment as a diver, for he was in the midst of the great **E**astern Pearl Fisheries, where those who thus risk their lives are highly paid, and he said he felt no fear, for there was not a more practised swimmer; and

then, if this plan succeeded, he would bring home plenty of money to his darling wife and child; and at the end of all, was a large blot, smeared across,—could it have been a tear of grief and pain? we know not! but such things are; and the date of this letter was more than five weeks back,—who could tell what had happened since then?



The night wore on, the church clock had struck twelve, the cold grew more intense, and the letter dropt from the mother's hand.

Another hour passed on, and the inmates of the

room slept, but it was the unquiet rest of cold want, and sorrow; the child's face was calmest, but still a shadow dimmed it, a shadow that looks so strange on young faces: and for the mother, her breathing was thick, and broken

by sobs ; poverty was trying to drag her to despair, but a mother's love kept her from falling ; she had worked, but the daily toil of a broken-hearted woman, what is it ? sighs and tears, little more ;—and this she knew, and the knowledge came upon her as she slept.

Early in the morning, the child woke, and her eyes opened full on her mother's face, with its sad worn look, and she trembled.

“ Mother,” she said, “ wake ; do wake, you are dreaming something unhappy ;” but then Ruth remembered it was only a dream of the fearful reality of her waking hours ; and she thought it was better than that reality, so she let her sleep on ; she got up herself, and opening the door gently, looked into the street. Oh ! it was a bright sunshiny day, yet, in the very face of it, she stood and wept ! and there were the sparrows of the night before, hopping about and chirping as merrily as though no more showers would wet their wings, or no more cold pinch them.

As Ruth stood at the door, a little girl, who was passing, saw her, and spoke in a whisper

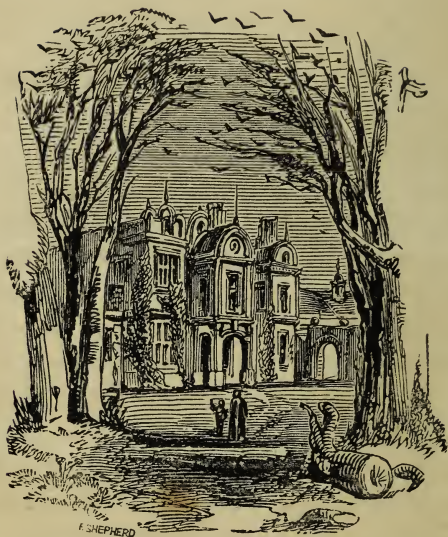


to her governess; then they both turned round, and the child said, "Why do you stand and cry on such a fine day? You should work, little girl, if you are poor." Ruth wiped away her tears, and looking earnestly in the child's face, said, "Oh, I will work night and day, if you would tell me how; but who will employ me? I am so young." "Never mind," said the little girl, whose name was Amy; if you will come to our house this evening, I will find some pieces of silk for you;

and then you can make pincushions, and sell them.”

Ruth thanked her many times, and her heart beat, and her eyes sparkled at the thought of saving her mother from all the misery she dreaded. She watched her little friend out of sight, and then slipped back again into the cold room and shut the door, that her mother, when she awoke, might suspect nothing ; for Ruth intended all this to be a surprise to her ; and what a joyful one too it would be to put the money into her hands, and tell how industriously she had earned it.

And now that room was no longer cold to Ruth ; it seemed quite changed ; and she thought it was the sunbeams that struggled in through the old blinds, that made it so cheerful : but it was not so,—it was other beams,—the sunbeams of hope. What would become of us all without them ! The mother awoke, and the time past on, and the evening came, and then Ruth slipt out of the door and very soon found her way to the great house where Amy lived. But there we must keep her wait-



ing, till I have told you something more about little Amy, and what kind of child she was.

This night, at least, she was a very happy one, for she had been good all day, and her governess had now just told her of what was indeed a great pleasure, the unexpected arrival of her kind uncle in England, whom she loved as a father, for Amy was an orphan, and

had not many to love ; and now the little girl was anxiously watching every carriage that turned the corner of the road, hoping it would be the one she looked for. She had not seen this dear uncle now for nearly two years ; but she had received letters from him by every mail from India, and she had not forgotten all



his kindness. Her governess told her that he had promised to be with them, if possible, at seven o'clock, and a quarter-past-six had already chimed, when Amy jumped off her chair by the window, and ran to the top of the stairs, for she heard a ring at the bell, and

half fancied it was her uncle entering quietly to surprise her more by his appearance, for the bell had been rung so softly she could scarcely hear it. She peeped ; but there was no uncle ; she could only hear a little gentle voice enquiring for " Miss Amy ;" then she remembered her morning walk, and the poor weeping child she had promised to help ; but she was too joyous now to think of any one but her uncle, and called to tell the servant that Ruth must wait, as she should be engaged for some time.



Soon after, a carriage drove up to the door.

A loud peal at the bell was rung ; Amy was once more peeping through the banisters, and this time it was no disappointment,—it was indeed her own uncle. She took his hand and walked up stairs with him, and at dinner sat close by his side, as if afraid to lose him.

And all this time, Ruth, poor Ruth, sat in a corner of the school-room, where she had been told to wait, forgotten by every one ; and she heard the happy laugh of the child up stairs, and even the cheerful tones of the servants below, and wondered why, out of all the world, her mother and herself should alone be wretched. Just as the clock struck eight, the door opened, and Amy came in with her uncle ; but she was talking quickly to him, and did not see Ruth, though she rose and curtsied, for there were no candles in the room, only fire-light.

Ruth was waiting to come forth till the little girl had finished speaking ; but the first words she heard fell sadly on her ear, and she could not utter a word. “ So, uncle,” Amy began ; “ this precious pearl you have brought

me from abroad was really found in the sea by a poor diver : are all pearls found so ?” “ Yes, my child,” he said : “ but to this pearl of yours is attached a sadder story than I hope belongs to most. I bought it from a trader at Chiraz, on my way to England, on account of its great size and beauty ; but heard from the captain of the ship in which I sailed home, that a poor man, (one of his passengers on the outward voyage,) having been taken suddenly ill, was obliged to be left at a small Persian town, where from very want he took to the trade of a diver.

“ On the return of his ship, the captain made enquiries about him, and heard that, the day before, he had dived to an immense depth, in order to procure some shells, supposed to contain the finest pearls ; but that, from great weakness, he only reached the top of the water in time to be saved from drowning, and was rescued in a state of insensibility. In his hand was one shell, containing a pearl of great value, which became the property of his employer, and by whom it was sold : this pearl

was, as I afterwards found out, the very one that is now yours, my dear little Amy.

“Had I known all this at the time, I should have acted differently; and have now begged a friend, who will soon be passing, to find out, and, if needful, assist him; for when I last heard, poor fellow! he was in a sad state of illness and poverty; he was much liked by the sailors on his outward voyage, who told me his name at the time; but I have since, unfortunately, forgotten it.”

“He was Robert Mayne, my own poor father!” said Ruth, bursting into tears. Amy and her uncle turned round, startled by the child’s words; and the red fire-light flickered for a moment in the dark corner, just long enough to disclose the wasted form and pale cheeks of the diver’s little daughter. A few questions, a few answers, and all was explained. Amy’s uncle was a rich and a good man,—he had both the will and the power to act generously; and for his little niece,—her’s was not the heart to know that deep sorrow existed, and be careless of its cure.

It was by her wish that the beautiful pearl was sold, to pay for the homeward voyage of him who had been its first earthly owner. And it was by her uncle's generosity, that the small house in the dark street looked so cheering, that the cold chimney corner became so warm, and that the voice of her father and her mother were so glad and happy.

Yes, all this was done for the price of a beautiful pearl; and now we would advise all the sparrows to keep about the narrow chimney on a wet night; for there is not a warmer chimney, nor a snugger place for them, in the great town of London.



FLOWERS.



FLOWERS!
the beautiful,
the bright,
With their coloured buds,
and their leaves of light,

Shall I twine you a wreath of them?

Will you follow me to the shady nook,

Where the king-cup blossoms, beside the brook,

In its yellow diadem :

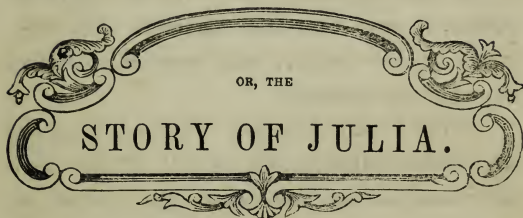
FLOWERS.

And come and walk in the woodland path,
Where the very daisies look up and laugh,
 For they know that spring is here ;
And the purple violets bathe themselves
In the little streamlet, amid the shells ;
 And the cowslip-buds appear.

When I was a child, as young as you,
I used to get up in the morning dew,
 And watch the roses wake ;
Or gather great bunches of quiver-grass,
That trembles so lightly when people pass,
 And will never cease to shake,

And now the spring is come again,
The lovely spring ! with her soft sweet rain,
 And her early buds and flowers :
God grant, that on YOUR young lives may fall,
SUNSHINE as bright, and as beautiful !
 And only such RAINBOW SHOWERS.

COWSLIPS,
PRIMROSES, AND DAISIES;



JUST in front of the gates of one of the handsome villas, in the neighbourhood of the pretty town of Brenton, a group of girls and boys, with attendants, stood waiting in the road, one fine bright morning,

Three patient-looking donkeys, smartly attired with crimson trappings and little silver bells, waited with them. The servants had charge of a large basket, evidently filled with eatables, and plainly indicating that the happy party were going on a little pic-

nic excursion; nor could they have had a more lovely day for their amusement; and no wonder that there were such shouts of laughter from the two fine active boys, of twelve and thirteen, who, with five girls of different ages between fourteen and five, made up the number, who were all so eager to enjoy the holiday.

“Now,” said Charles, “I vote for going on, without asking Julia at all: if she cannot come and speak to us at once, surely we need not wait for her.” “No; indeed,” said several voices together,—“why should we? This is always the way with her;—and after all, she only spoils our pleasure, whenever she does go with us any where; she is so proud and so conceited, and so”—“Hush! pray,” said Jessie, “here she comes: and you are all really unkind in your remarks about her.” Then, speaking to the young lady, as she walked towards them, Jessie continued, “Julia, dear, we are going to the Fairly meadows, to have a delightful long morning, picking daisies and

all sorts of wild flowers ; and then we intend to make a wreath, to give to the one we love best ; will you be one of our party ?”

“ But those sort of flowers are so common,” said Julia.

“ Oh ! but it is the pleasure of looking for them, you know : and besides, to my mind, there is nothing more fresh and spring-like than cowslips ; the very scent of them makes one think of bright long days, and every thing belonging to this beautiful month of May.”

“ Well, if mamma likes, I will go with you,” said Julia, speaking as if she was granting a favour. “ I suppose we shall not go any where to get wet feet, or tear our dresses.”

“ Why, you see,” said Jessie, “ as we cannot foretell, exactly, what our road may be, we are all prepared for such dangers ; we have thick shoes, our old bonnets, and our morning dresses.”

“ Oh, well, I will go and hear what mamma says ; but I dare say I shall soon feel

tired of sauntering about in lanes and fields, and that sort of thing."

"Well, be quick, that is all," said Charles, quite out of patience, "for we are losing our time."

Julia walked quietly towards the house, and the little party began murmuring again to each other. "Just like her," said Henry, "she is such an affected girl.—I say, Charles, if she does join us, we will go through Henley brook; and then, while the other girls ride over it on their donkeys, she will have to wade through it with you and me."

"I tell you what," said Charles, "I will not wait for her any longer; let us all go on, and leave her ladyship to find out that people will not conform to such stately behaviour."

"Yes, let us go on," said the others.

"No," exclaimed Jessie, "give her five minutes by the old church clock, and then, if she is not here, we will go on,"

"Ah, Jessie, that is like you; you are the friend of every body, and always good-na-



tured. Well," continued Charles, "we agree to give her that time.—Watch the hands of the clock; and, Anne, you look down the avenue and call out boo, when you see her coming."

The hands went slowly but surely over the agreed number of minutes, and the little party, Jessie excepted, with one accord, said "Hurrah, she is not in time!" and turned towards the long narrow lane that led to the Fairly meadows. Jessie followed reluctantly, telling the old gardener, however,

to let Miss Julia know exactly the road they had taken, and where they might all be found.

“You are too good by half, Jessie,” said Charles; “she is really a disagreeable girl, and so conceited, and makes such remarks. You know how my cheeks freckle in the sun;—so, the other day, she said, ‘Do you not dislike the warm weather? I do:—it tans and freckles one so!’—and at the same time fixing her eyes on me. ‘Not I,’ was my answer, ‘I should like to have one great freckle all over my face.’ Then she stared at me as if I was a wild Indian.”

“Well, but Charles, she is very pretty; every one says that.”

“Oh, I allow she has large dark eyes, and a fine colour, and a what-do-you-call-it nose.”

“A snub,” said Bessie, very innocently.

“No, my dear; yours is of that order, but her’s belongs to the Grecian form.”

At that moment, however, the beauties of the road began to engross their attention, as they entered the narrow lane, which they

had to pass through in their way to Fairly meadows. The little party here separating, some ran on in front, picking the bright green moss off from the roots of the gnarled oaks and lime trees; others plucked the little blue hare-bells, here presented in such profusion that the narrow banks on which they grew almost seemed studded with little turquoise stones. All were gay and merry, and each found an agreeable employment. Charles and Henry exhibited their activity occasionally, by leaping over the stones and old roots of trees, that here and there lay in their way; they also sang some of their favourite songs: and were all life and gaiety. The young ladies noticed, however, that in the midst of their pranks the young gentlemen did not fail in politeness to them.

The donkeys were continually showing a desire to roll in the little brook; and then, trotting uneasily for about a minute, they would suddenly stand stock still, resist all moderate efforts to make them move, until they themselves chose, and then off they went again for another little gallop. 7

At last, girls, boys, and donkeys, all arrived at the stile which led into Fairly meadows. Charles and Henry assisted their young companions in getting over the stile, and after securing the donkeys, leaped over it themselves.



The Fairly meadows looked quite drest out, as the young folks said, to receive them, the grass so fresh and green; the daisies spangling every inch of ground; so that a foot could scarcely tread without destroying some scores of these little wild Children of Spring.

And now each hand is fully occupied in

gathering stores of them; and, while they are so happily employed, we will return to Julia Seymour.

With a gentle hand, she opened her mamma's bed-room door, (for Mrs. Seymour was a great invalid, and scarcely ever able to come down from her room until late in the day.) Julia, therefore, entered without noise, and said, "Mamma, Jessie Stanly is here and several of our friends, and they have asked me to join them in a party to the Fairly meadows."

"It will be very agreeable for you, my dear, and you may certainly go; but pray do not forget to put on thick shoes."

"I would rather stay at home than do that, mamma, they tire me so, and are so ugly."

"Well, my dear, then pray take clogs."

Julia did not notice this desire of her kind parent, but asked, "Mamma, may I have a few conservatory flowers?"

"Oh! Julia, do not ask for those, you know we have but few, now: and, besides, what can you do with them?"

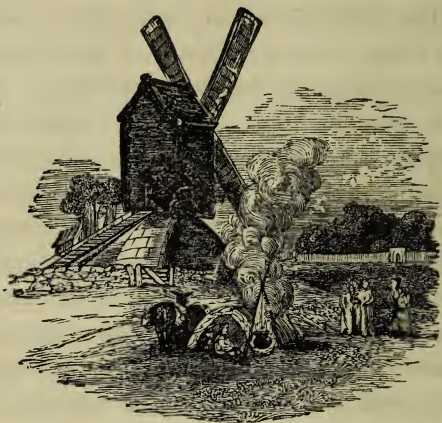
“Oh! the children are going to make wreaths, and I wish mine to be the prettiest; theirs will be only wild flowers. Now, mamma, you said I should have some this week.”

Poor Mrs. Seymour was too weak to argue with Julia, who taking a pair of garden scissors, went to the conservatory, and soon formed a beautiful bouquet of rare and lovely exotics. With these in her hand she proceeded exultingly to the gate, and of course, found her young friends were gone. The gardener delivered his message, but Julia received it with great indignation, forgetting that the fault was entirely her own. She returned to her mamma, who advised her to take a servant, and follow her friends to the meadows. Julia set off, but in no very amiable mood.

Although it was early in May, the sun began to have great power, and before Julia arrived at the entrance of the narrow lane, she was warm and tired, and her pretty flowers were beginning to wither in her hot hands, under the sun's rays.

How different was her walk, alone, down the shady lane, from that of her joyous young friends in the early morning? she saw, as they did, the lovely little wild flowers; the birds sang as sweetly, the little brook murmured as gently, and the cooling spring breezes wafted their sweet breath through the arched trees as healthfully; all, all as they did when the happy troop passed over the same ground; but they failed to attract Julia's attention,—her heart was sad; she fancied that not one of the companions she sought, looked forward with pleasure to seeing her; she felt that she was not liked, and that they asked her only from common civility.

Now Julia, with all her faults, was affectionate and warm-hearted, generous, and even noble in many of her impulses; but, unfortunately, she was the only child of a widowed and invalid mother, who yielded too easily to her daughter's wishes on many occasions, when to have checked and controlled them would have been the kinder act.



Thus nurtured, Julia became self-willed both in disposition and manner, and, consequently, disliked and unhappy.

Arrived at the before-mentioned stile, and seeing the donkeys tethered to the post, she knew that she was near the little party, and she desired her servant to return home.

A thick hedge divided her from her friends, but she heard their merry voices, as they were all resting on the grass, and making up the wreath. Advancing a few

steps, she heard Charles say, "Come, sing us a song, Jessie, like a good girl." Jessie replied, "You know, Charles, I cannot sing. Now, Julia, she is the one for singing; she has such a sweet voice: I wish she was here." This Julia heard with pleasure, but, in the next moment, Charles's reply filled her with anger and indignation: "I would rather never hear another song, than have that disagreeable girl amongst us;—every body dislikes her; she grows worse every day;—so proud and conceited, that I expect she will soon find no one will play with her; even you, Jessie, will give her up."

"Yes," said Anne, "even the poor people dislike her, though she is so rich, and her mamma lets her give away double what ours can afford. Do you know, old dame White said to my mamma the other day,— 'Miss Seymour has been here, ma'am, and given me a golden sovereign; but, lack-a-day! she gave it as if I was dust under her feet; and when I wished to thank her, 'No thanks, I beg, (says she) I do my duty:' and

walked out without a kind word, only pushing my little grandchild and saying to her, 'Do not touch my dress with your dirty fingers.'

"Well," said little Bessie, "that is just like her. When she meets me with my nurse, she says to her mamma, 'Don't stop, I hate children;' as if she had not been one herself."

"Shall you ever forget her airs and graces on last dancing day," said Henry. "Now," he continued, "I will just show you how she does her steps in the Quadrilles," and, in a minute, poor Julia heard shouts of laughter, and knew that she was being imitated. With grief and anger she remained fixed to the spot, quite still, not knowing what to do. "That's it, Henry—head more erect,—now a little on one side,—now look round, to see if all eyes are admiring—and now fan gently.—Capital!"

"Stop," said Jessie, firmly, "I cannot laugh; I am ashamed of you all; is this the way you would like to be treated your-

COWSLIPS AND PRIMROSES.

selves? Is it generous or kind? You have told all poor Julia's faults, but you have not mentioned any of her good qualities, or her kind actions: now, I will tell you a few of them that I know to be true.

“When her poor nurse lay ill with influenza, Julia gave up every pleasure, and sat by her bedside, reading to her, and doing all she could to relieve and amuse her. Her invalid complaining of cold feet, she sat on the floor, and her thoughtful friend sat down to knit a pair of woollen stockings for her nurse, as she called her. One day, when another day, it was a tooth taken out, which was quite

as I must confess, her manner of giving is not the kindest."

The good Jessie could not drop the de-
ce of poor Julia, but added warmly,
ma was saying, only yesterday, how
is to be pitied in having no one
and prevent her acquiring those
anners that we and all her
Could poor Mrs. Seymour
Julia, she would be a
we might all love."

Jessie finished her
her proud spirit
words, walked
great effort
d not in-

them: "I am very glad I have overheard you; I have received a lesson I shall never forget; and, from this very day, I shall try to improve; and, perhaps," said she very timidly, "you will all, then, try to love me. As for Jessie,—dear Jessie.—never will I cease to thank her for speaking to me so kindly; and, if she will only try to amend, I am sure I shall give her cause. And, dropping her fading smile, she put her arms round Jessie, and said:

"Look at my poor face, and think that I meant to thank you for it, and look at your face, and think of the daisies, and the primroses, and the wearer of the crown."

COWSLIPS AND PRIMROSES.

Sobbing with pleasure, Julia made reply,
Thank you, all; I will keep it;—even
faded, I will keep it;—and if I ever
inclined to be haughty, or con-
will take one peep at my wreath,
return to what is right. From
ll love, more than all other
Cowslips, and Daisies.”



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